1d. A Congratulatory No. 22

ADDRESS

To the Right Honourable

Sir William Aſhurſt,

Upon His Election to the Mayoralty of London.

5. octob. 1693.

WHen to Wreath'd Heads we hearty Homage pay,
'Tis only when we Love where we Obey:
'Tis by that kind Advance, her Heart ſecur'd,
You mount *Auguſta's* dear Commanding Lord.
Nor can You nobler mount. Lov'd! did I ſay!
So the Great *WILLIAM* holds th' Imperial Sway.
As He His *Scepter*, You'll Your *Faſces* bear:
And Copying from Original ſo fair,
What Luſtre Your proud Dignity muſt crown,
To make the *Chair* a Copy from the *Throne*?
So fair a Truſt, lodg'd in that Worthy *Hand*,
A Goodneſs that ſhall Lead more than Command,
How high her *Head* ſhall cheriſht Virtue hold,
And Induſtry ſhall ſpin a Thred of Gold?
Whilſt ſuch True Worth the *Prætor's* Robe ſhall wear;
Betwixt the Joys ſhall wait You to the *Chair*,
And th' univerſal Prayers ſhall leave You there;
In Your High Seat, we will not only Sing
The Honour that You meet, but That You bring.
Yes, Sir, the long atteſting World has found
An ample Proof of Virtue ſo renown'd:
For, in its Height, when *Arbitrary Sway*
The Proud Aſcendant held, and rul'd the Day:
'Mongſt Thouſand truckling Necks, each couching Slave,
Undaunted *Aſhurſt* ſtill more nobly Brave
To th' upliſt Idol (Oh! the Sordid Thought)
Nor Bending Knee, nor Playing Timbrell brought.

The

The common Popular Cry, that Noiſie Crowd,
Whoſe Talent's to think little, and talk loud,
Can make an *Abdicated Foe* their Mark;
(So ev'ry little Village Curr can bark:)
The Bolder *Aſhurſt* better knew to dare
The baying Lyon, than the flying Hare.
Give me that Rooted Truth, Patriots ſo kind,
As not to ſhake at every threatning Wind;
Whom nor Court-Blaſts, nor low'ring Frowns controul:
For Conſtancy is Virtue's Life and Soul.
So the fair Lawrel bears her Head above
The ſapleſs Trunks of *Autumn*'s naked Grove;
With Her unblaſted Greens ſtill Verdant grows,
When *Summer* ſmiles, or the bleak *Winter* blows.
Change is the Off-ſpring of Degenerate Fear,
The Servile Badge that Coward Spirits bear:
That abject Name brave *Aſhurſt* ever ſcorn'd.
With Merits ſo Enrich'd, and ſo Adorn'd,
Around Your Gates what thronging Crowds muſt wait,
To hail You, Sir, to Your *Prætorian* State.
Nor, 'mongſt Your Worthier Homagers, diſdain
T' admit the humbler Muſes in Your Train:
So Rich a Mark for the whole Nine You ſtand,
That Fertile Glebe, all the fair Muſes Land.
Beſides, they wait You by a Domeſtick Claim,
For Wit's the Herauld to a Glorious Name,
The Tributary Trump of Your Juſt Fame.
We find the Notes, but You the Subject bring,
Honour, that tunes the Muſick which We ſing.
Thus whilſt Our Garlands at Your Feet are thrown,
The Roſes and the Sweets are all Your own.

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